



**This is a children's gardening work.
Based on the public domain book
"Mother Earth's Children" by
Elizabeth Gordon
With illustrations by
M. T. Ross**

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HAND in hand with summer comes
The happy family called the Plums,
Some dressed in purple, some in red;
They're very pretty and well bred.



AID Garlic: "My home used to be
In far-off, sunny Sicily;
But people here think I'm a blessing,
I make such splendid salad dressing."



YAM really is a pretty fellow,
Though his complexion's rather yellow;
When Winter comes he packs his grip
And goes north for a little trip.



SAID pompous, purple Egg-plant: "Well!
So that is egg in that queer shell;
Really! It's very hard to see
Why they named that chap after me!"



VEGETABLE Marrow liked to tell
How he was once an English swell;
Summer Squash laughed and said: "My word!
That's quite the best thing Hi 'ave 'eard."



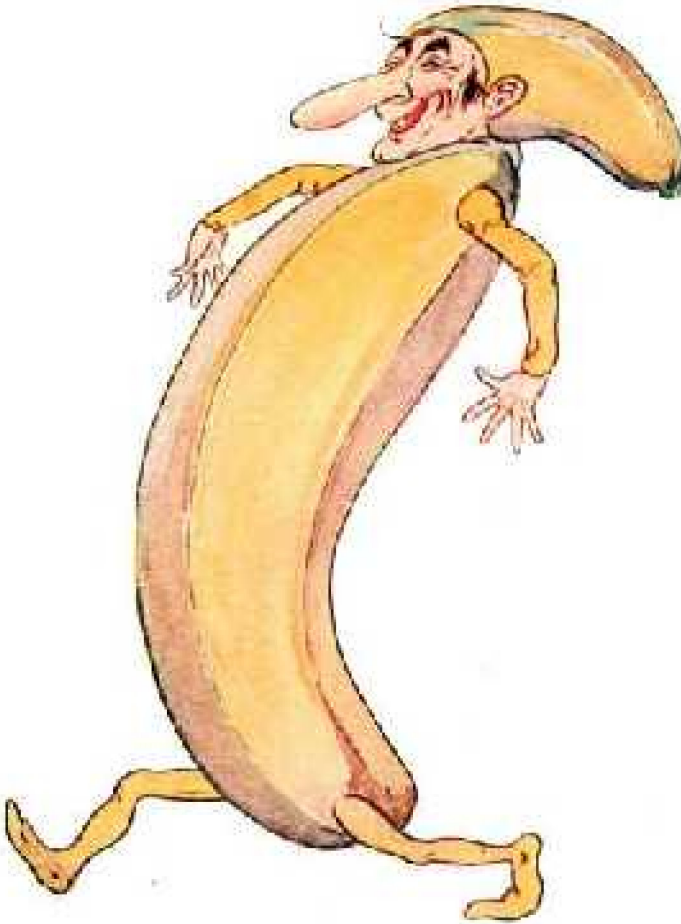
SAID Hubbard Squash: "All summer long
I'm on the farm where I belong,
But in the fall, for change of air,
I go to see the County Fair."



SAID busy, bustling Mrs. Quince:
“I never have a moment since
The jelly-making time is here;
We’re making such a lot this year.”



SAID Mother Pear: "Dear me! Those twins
Are just as much alike as pins;
I must do something, I declare!"
So she cut little sister's hair.



BANANA wears a yellow coat
Buttoned quite snugly 'round his throat.
He comes from where it's warm, you see,
And feels cold more than you or me.



HERE'S an odd child named Cashew—
Provides you nuts and apples, too;
Oil and wine, and other things
This busy young Brazilian brings.



AFOREIGN lady of renown—
Pomegranate in her crimson gown,
Smiling and nodding as she goes,
Looks like an Oriental rose.



LITTLE Miss Sugar Cane is sweet—
In truth, she's good enough to eat.
She gives us sugar, nice and white,
And syrup to make things taste right.



HERR Burgomaster Cabbage said:
“My little dog, he needs some bread.”
Frau Cabbage smiled; “Just help yourself,
A fresh loaf’s on the pantry shelf.”



HERE'S Apple, loved by young and old
And sometimes worth his weight in gold.
We hail him with delighted cries
When he comes to us, baked in pies.



PINEAPPLE has so many “eyes”
You cannot take him by surprise;
He’s full of sunshine, through and through,
And always has a treat for you.



COFFEE said: "I must really study
To find why my complexion's muddy.
Perhaps it's only tan, you know
I do run out bareheaded so!"



MR. Green Tea comes from Japan,
He's such a wrinkled little man;
He says: "My tea is very nice,
Will you have sugar, milk or ice?"



BARLEY'S a bearded gentleman,
He wears a suit of golden tan;
Though he has homes both east and west
He loves the prairie lands the best.



“IDINNA care,” said bluff Scotch Oat,
“For dinner at a table d’hote;
A bowl of porridge and some tea,
At home, are good enough for me.”



“I’LL be grown up,” said Caraway,
“And out of school Thanksgiving Day;
That’s a good thing, too, ’cause you see,
They can’t make cookies without me.”



“OUR family’s not hard to suit,”
Said Mrs. Peach. “We’re simple fruit;
We like most any kind of weather
If the sun shines, and we’re together.”



HICKORY Nut looks rough and rude,
Although at heart he's very good.
If once you get inside his shell
You're sure to like him very well.



SAID Cactus: "On the desert wild
I used to be a naughty child,
But since I went to Burbank's school,
I'm good, and live by Golden Rule."



“THE boys all call me ‘Cotton Eyed Joe,’”
Brazil Nut said; “I think I’ll go
Back to Brazil; ’t would serve them right
And teach them to be more polite.”



COCOANUT has a funny face,
Eyes, nose and mouth all in one place;
He's always busy selling milk,
While Mrs. Cocoanut makes silk.



SAID Mrs. Peanut, in a flutter,
“I quite forgot to salt the butter;”
The little Peanut children said:
“Why then, Mama, we’ll salt the bread.”



SAID Chestnut: "I work for my living
I stuff the turkey on Thanksgiving.
On winter days I work down town;
You'll know me by my coat of brown."



PERSIMMON said: "I'm up so high
I can reach out and touch the sky."
Bre'r Possum said: "Don't reach too far,
You might put out a shining star."



SAID Mr. Gourd: "You'll plainly see
We are a busy family;
We give you bottles, cups and things,
And curly vines for playtime rings."



LITTLE, wise, home-loving Truffle
Never lets his temper ruffle;
His home is just beneath the ground,
And there he always may be found.



WILD Grape just loves to run away
And in the green woods climb and play;
You'll know him when among the trees
His fragrant blossoms scent the breeze.



THOUGH Miss Grape Fruit is very young
Her praises are on every tongue;
And though she travels everywhere
She has a very modest air.



THE Lemons every summer go
In groups to see the Wild West Show;
Come rain or shine, they never stay
At home on any circus day.



MISS Cotton is a fairy queen
In her white dress all trimmed with green;
To other children everywhere
She sends such pretty clothes to wear.



MISS Orange said: "I'd like to know
Those pretty mountain girls called 'Snow;'"
"Don't," said her Dad, "or we are lost;
They're relatives of Sir Jack Frost."



MISS Beechnut wears a pretty bonnet
With little fuzzy feathers on it.
She's very sweet, and always good;
Her home is in the deep, wild wood



“I WORK,” said genial Mrs. Wheat,
“To give the world enough to eat;
I’m always happy when there’s bread
Enough, so every child is fed.”



CITRON is very plump and round,
He likes to roll upon the ground;
Come rain or shine he's always happy,
A nice, contented little chappie.



CRANBERRY dearly loves to go
Wading in places wet and low;
She wears soft gowns of dainty floss
Made of the pretty yellow moss.



SAID Indian Corn: "I'm heap rich brave,
Much shiny gold I make and save."
So Squaw Corn went and bought a bonnet,
And a silk gown with tassels on it.



NORTH Wind came whistling by one day
Where the Tomatoes were at play;
It gave those children such a fright
They put their blankets on that night.



THE oddest child—when all is said—
Of those we've met, is St. John's Bread;
He's Spanish, so I've understood,
And makes a food that's very good.

About the Author

Larry W Jones is a songwriter, having penned over 7,700 song lyrics. Published in 22 volumes of island themed, country, cowboy, western and bluegrass songs. The entire assemblage is the world's largest collection of lyrics written by an individual songwriter.

As a wrangler on the “Great American Horse Drive”, at age 68, he assisted in driving 800 half-wild horses 62 miles in two days, from Winter pasture grounds in far NW Colorado to the Big Gulch Ranch outside of Craig Colorado.

His book, “The Oldest Greenhorn”, chronicles the adventures and perils in earning the “Gate-to-Gate” trophy belt buckle the hard way.



Other short story books by Larry W Jones:

A Squirrel Named Julie and The Fox Ridge Fox
The Painting Of A Dream
The Boy With Green Thumbs and The Wild Tree Man
Red Cloud – Chief Of the Sioux
Spotted Tail – The Orphan Negotiator
Little Crow – The Fur Trapper's Patron
Chief Gall – The Strategist
Crazy Horse – The Vision Quest Warrior
Sitting Bull - The Powder River Power
Rain-In-The-Face – The Setting Sun Brave
Two Strike – The Lakota Club Fighter
Chief American Horse – The Oglala Councilor
Chief Dull Knife – The Sharp-Witted Cheyenne
Chief Joseph – Retreat From Grande Ronde
The Oregon Trail Orphans
Kids In Bloom Volume 1
Kids In Bloom Volume 2
Kids Animal Pals Volume 1
Kids Animal Pals Volume 2
Bird Kids Volume 1
Bird Kids Volume 2
Garden Kids Volume 1
Up and Over – A Hike In The Rockies

All his publications are available on [Lulu.com](https://lulu.com).